

THE

Kd with
proceeding 3

GOLDEN VERSES

OF

PYTHAGORAS.

Translated from the *Greek*, by N. ROWE, Esq;

WITH

A POEM *on the late Glorious
Successes, &c.*

And an ODE for the NEW-YEAR,
MDCCXVI.

By the same Hand.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON: And Sold by W. FEALES, at
Rowe's Head, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the Strand.

MDCCXXXII.

GOLDEN VERSES

OF

THE



THE

THE

THE

THE



TO THE
READER.

 Hope the Reader will forgive the Liberty I have taken in Translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of Turn in English Poetry to so dry a Subject. The Sense of the Author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some Places to be some Additions in the English Verses to the Greek Text, they are only such as may be justify'd from Hierocles's Commentary, and deliver'd by him as the larger and explain'd Sense of the Author's short Precept. I have in some few
A 2 Places

To the Reader.

Places ventur'd to differ from the Learned Mr. Dacier's French Interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict Comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the Reader to determine.



THE



THE
GOLDEN VERSES
OF
PYTHAGORAS.



First to the Gods thy humble Homage pay;
 The greatest this, and first of Laws, obey:
 Perform thy Vows, observe thy plights
 Troth,
 And let Religion bind thee to thy Oath.
 The Heroes next demand thy just regard,
 Renown'd on Earth, and the Stars preferr'd,
 To Light and endless Life, their Virtues sure Reward.
 Due Rights perform and Honours to the Dead,
 To ev'ry Wise, to ev'ry Pious Shade.
 With lowly Duty to thy Parents bow,
 And Grace and Favour to thy Kindred show:

6 *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

For what concerns the rest of Humane kind,
 Choose out the Man to Virtue best inclin'd;
 Him to thy Arms receive, him to thy Bosom bind,
 Possess of such a Friend, preserve him still;
 Nor thwart his Counsels with thy stubborn Will,
 Pliant to all his Admonitions prove,
 And yield to all his Offices of Love:
 Him from thy Heart, so true, so justly dear,
 Let no rash Word nor light Offences tear.
 Bear all thou canst, still with his Failings strive,
 And to the utmost still, and still forgive;
 For strong Necessity alone explores
 The secret Vigour of our latent Pow'rs,
 Rouses and urges on the lazy Heart,
 Force, to its self unknown before, t' exert.
 By use thy stronger Appetites assuage,
 Thy Gluttony, thy Sloth, thy Lust, thy Rage;
 From each dishonest Act of Shame forbear;
 Of others, and thy self, alike beware.
 Let Rev'rence of thy self thy Thoughts control,
 And guard the sacred Temple of thy Soul.
 Let Justice o'er thy Word and Deed preside,
 And Reason ev'n thy meanest Actions guide:
 For know that Death is Man's appointed Doom;
 Know that the Day of great Account will come,
 When thy past Life shall strictly be survey'd,
 Each Word, each Deed be in the Balance laid,
 And all the Good and all the Ill most justly be repaid.
 For Wealth, the perishing, uncertain Good,
 Ebbing and flowing like the fickle Flood,
 That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding Place,
 But wandering loves from Hand to Hand to pass;

Revolve

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.

7

Revolve the Getter's Joy and Loser's Pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all those Sorrows that attend Mankind,
With Patience bear the Lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it Chance, nor murmur at the Load;
For know what Man calls Fortune is from God,
In what thou may'st from Wisdom seek Relief,
And let her healing Hand assuage the Grief;
Yet still whate'er the Righteous Doom ordains,
What Cause soever multiplies thy Pains,
Let not those Pains as Ills be understood;
For God delights not to afflict the Good.

The Reas'ning Art to various Ends apply'd,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring Guide.
Thy Judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
Nor lightly from thy Resolution swerve;
The dazzling Pomp of Words does oft deceive,
And sweet Persuasion wins the Easy to believe.

When Fools and Liars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the Bablers vainly plead.

This above all, this Precept chiefly learn;
This nearly does, and first, thy self concern:
Let not Example, let no soothing Tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Siren's Song.
To do thy Soul's Immortal Essence wrong,
Of Good and Ill by Words or Deeds express,
Choose for thy self, and always choose the best.

Let wary Thought each Enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy Task before begun,
Lest Folly shou'd the wretched Work deface,
And mock thy fruitless Labours with Disgrace.

8 *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

Fools huddle on and always are in haste,
 And without Thought, and thoughtless Words they waste;
 I ut thou, in all thou dost, with early Cares
 strive to prevent at first a Fate like theirs;
 That Sorrow on the End may never wait,
 Nor sharp Repentance make thee Wise too late.

Beware thy meddling Hand in ought to try,
 That does beyond thy reach of Knowledge lie;
 But seek to know, and bend thy serious Thought
 To search the profitable Knowledge out.
 So Joys on Joys for ever shall increase,
 Wisdom shall crown thy Labours, and shall bless
 Thy Life with Pleasure, and thy End with Peace.

Nor let the Body want its Part, but share
 A just Proportion of thy tender Care:
 For Health and Welfare prudently provide,
 And let its lawful Wants be all supply'd.
 Let sober Draughts refresh, and wholsom Fare
 Decaying Nature's wasted Force repair;
 And sprightly Exercise the duller Spirits chear.
 In all Things still which to this Care belong,
 Observe this Rule, to guard thy Soul from Wrong.

By virtuous Use thy Life and Manners frame,
 Manly and simply pure, and free from Blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly Rage, but fly
 The glancing Curse of her malicious Eye.

Seek not in needless Luxury to waste
 Thy Wealth and Substance, with a Spendthrift's Haste;
 Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy Mind,
 Prone to Extremes, an equal Danger find,
 And be to sordid Avarice inclin'd.

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. 9

Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy GOLDEN MEAN.

Be careful still to guard thy Soul from Wrong;
And let thy Thought prevent thy Hand and Tongue.

Let not the stealing God of Sleep surprise,
Nor creep in Slumbers on thy weary Eyes,
Ere ev'ry Action of the former Day

Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With Rev'rence at thy own Tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own Demand.

Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd?
What Good or Ill has this Day's Life express'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?

In what to God, to Man, or to my self I owe?
Inquire severe what-e'er from first to last,
From Morning's Dawn 'till Ev'ning's Gloom, has pass'd.

If Evil were thy Deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy Soul with strong Remorse be torn.

If Good, the Good with Peace of Mind repay,
And to thy secret Self with Pleasure say,
Rejoice, my Heart, for all went well to-day.

These Thoughts and chiefly these thy Mind should move;
Employ thy Study, and engage thy Love.

These are the Rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy Feet her heav'nly Paths to tread.

This by his Name I swear, whose sacred Lore
First to Mankind explain'd the Mystick FOUR,
Source of Eternal Nature and Almighty Pow'r.

In all thou dost first let thy Prayers ascend,
And to the Gods thy Labours first commend,
From them implore Success, and hope a prosp'rous End.

10 *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

So shall thy abler Mind be taught to soar,
And Wisdom in her secret Ways explore;
To range through Heav'n above and Earth below,
Immortal Gods and mortal Men to know.

So shalt thou learn what Pow'r does all control,
What bounds the Parts, and what unites the Whole:
And rightly judge, in all this wondrous Frame,
How universal Nature is the same;
So shalt thou ne'er thy vain Affections place
On Hopes of what shall never come to pass;

Man, wretched Man, thou shalt be taught to know;
Who bears within himself the inborn Cause of Woe.

Unhappy Race! that never yet could tell,
How near their Good and Happiness they dwell.

Depriv'd of Sense, they neither hear nor see;

Fetter'd in Vice, they seek not to be free;

But stupid, to their own sad Fate agree:

Like ponderous Rolling-stones, oppress'd with Ill,

The Weight that loads 'em makes 'em roll on still,

Bereft of Choice and Freedom of the Will.

For native Strife in ev'ry Bosom reigns,

And secretly an impious War maintains:

Provoke not THIS, but let the Combat cease,

And ev'ry yielding Passion sue for Peace.

Wouldst thou, great *Fave*, thou Father of Mankind;

Reveal the *Demon* for that Task assign'd;

The wretched Race an End of Woes would find.

And yet be bold, O Man, Divine thou art,

And of the Gods Celestial Essence Part.

Nor sacred Nature is from thee conceal'd,

But to thy Race her mystick Rules reveal'd.

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. II

These if to know thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded Soul to Health thou shalt restore,
And free from ev'ry Pain she felt before.

Abstain, I warn, from Meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy Body pure, so free thy Soul ;
So rightly judge ; thy Reason, so, maintain ;
Reason which Heav'n did for thy Guide ordain,
Let that best Reason ever hold the Rein.

Then if this mortal Body thou forsake,
And thy glad Flight to the pure Æther take,
Among the Gods exalted shalt thou shine,
Immortal, Incorruptible, Divine :
The Tyrant Death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark Dominion of the Grave.



There it to know thou happily again,
 Soon that thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
 Thy wounded soul to health thou hast restored,
 And free from every Pain the soul detain.
 Again I warn, from these rocks and forest
 So keep thy body pure, in fact thy soul
 So rightly judge; thy Reason, to maintain;
 Reason which Hail'd this for thy Guide ordain.
 Let that best Reason ever hold the Reins.
 Then if a mortal body thou desirest
 And thy right to the pure Ether take,
 Among the Gods shalt thou be placed;
 Immortal, Incorruptible, Divine;
 The Tyrant Earth bound, this thou leave;
 And leave the dark Dominion of the Grave.





A
P O E M

On the Late
Glorious Successes, &c.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the
LORD TREASURER.



WHILE Kings and Nations on thy Counsels
wait,
And ANNA trusts to thee the *British* State;
While Fame, to thee, from ev'ry Foreign
Coast,

Flies with the News of Empires won and lost,
Relates whate'er her busy Eyes beheld,
And tells the Fortune of each bloody Field;
While with officious Duty, Crowds attend,
To hail the Labours of thy God-like Friend,

Vouch

14 *A POEM on the glorious Successes*

Vouchsafe the Muses humble Joy to bear;
 For Sacred Numbers shall be still thy Care;
 Tho' mean the Verse, tho' lowly be the Strain,
 Tho' least regarded be the Muse, of all the tuneful Train;
 Yet rise, neglected Nymph, avow thy Flame,
 Assert th' inspiring God, and greatly aim
 To make thy Numbers equal to thy Theme.
 From Heav'n derive thy Verse; to Heav'n belong
 The Counsels of the Wise, and Battles of the Strong.
 To Heav'n, the Royal ANNA owes, alone,
 The Virtues which adorn and guard Her Throne;
 Thence is her Justice Wretches to redress,
 Thence is her Mercy and Her Love of Peace;
 Thence is her Pow'r, Her Scepter uncontrol'd
 To bend the Stubborn, and repress the Bold;
 Her peaceful Arts, fierce Factions to assuage,
 To heal their Breaches, and to sooth their Rage;
 Thence is that happy Prudence, which presides
 In each Design, and ev'ry Action guides;
 Thence is she taught Her shining Court to grace,
 And fix the Worthiest in the worthiest Place,
 To trust at home GODOLPHIN's watchful Care,
 And send victorious CHURCHILL forth to War.

Arise ye Nations rescu'd by Her Sword,
 Freed from the Bondage of a Foreign Lord,
 Arise, and join the Heroine to bless.
 Behold She sends to save you from Distress;
 Rich is the Royal Bounty She bestows,
 'Tis Plenty, Peace, and Safety from your Foes;
 And thou, *Isis*, rous'd at length, disdain
 To wear inslav'd the Gallick Tyrant's Chain.

For see! the British Genius comes to cheer
The fainting Sons, and kindle 'em to War:
With Her own glorious Fires their Souls She warms,
And bids 'em burn for Liberty and Arms.
Unhappy Land! the Formost once in Fame,
Once lifting to the Stars thy Noble Name,
In Arts excelling, and in Arms severe,
The Western Kingdoms Envy and their Fear;
Where is thy Pride, thy conscious Honour, flown,
Thy ancient Valour, and thy first Renown?
How art thou sunk among the Nations now!
How hast thou taught thy haughty Neck to bow,
And dropt the Warrior's Wreath inglorious from thy
Not thus of Old her valiant Fathers bore [Brow!]

The Bondage of the unbelieving Moor;
But oft, alternate, made the Victors yield,
And prov'd their Might in many a well-fought Field;
Bold in Defence of Liberty they stood,
And doubly dy'd their Cross in *Madrish* Blood:
Then in Heroick Arms their Knights excell'd,
The Tyrant then and Giant then they quell'd.
Then ev'ry nobler Thought their Minds did move,
And those, who fought for Freedom, sigh'd for Love.
Like one, those sacred Flames united live,
At once they languish, and at once revive;
Alike they shun the Coward and the Slave,
But bless the Free, the Virtuous, and the Brave.
Nor frown, ye Fair, nor think my Verse untrue;
Tho' we disdain that Man should Man subdue,
Yet all the Free-born Race are Slaves alike to you;

Yet once, again that Glory to Restore,
The Britons seek the *Celtiberian* Shore;

With

16 A POEM on the glorious Successes

With echoing Peals, at ANNA's high Command,
 Their Naval Thunder wakes the drowsy Land;
 High at their Head, *Iberia's* promis'd Lord,
 Young *Charles* of *Austria*, waves his shining Sword;
 His youthful Veins with Hopes of Empire glow,
 Swell his bold Heart, and urge him on the Foe;
 With Joy he reads, in ev'ry Warrior's Face,
 Some happy Omen of a sure Success;
 Then leaps exulting on the Hostile Strand,
 And thinks the destin'd Sceptre in his Hand.

Nor Fate denies, what first his Wishes name,
 Proud *Barcelona* owns his juster Claim,
 With the first Laurel binds his youthful Brows,
 And, Pledge of future Crowns, the mural Wreath bestows.
 But soon, the Equal of his youthful Years,
Philip of *Bourbon's* haughty Line, appears;
 Like Hopes attend his Birth, like Glories grace,
 (If Glory can be in a Tyrant's Race)
 In Numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
 But nearer draws the black impending War;
 He views his Host, then scorns the Rebel Town,
 And dooms to certain Death the Rival of his Crown.

Now Fame and Empire, all the Nobler Spoils
 That urge the Hero, and reward his Toils,
 Plac'd in their View, alike their Hopes engage,
 And fire their Breasts with more than Mortal Rage.
 Not lawless Love, not Vengeance, nor Despair,
 So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
 As when Ambition prompts the Great to War;
 As youthful Kings, when striving for Renown
 They prove their Might in Arms, and combat for a Crown.

Hard was the cruel Strife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the Chiefs suspended Conquest hung;
Till forc'd at length, disdaining much, to yield,
Charles to his Rival quits the fatal Field.
Numbers and Fortune o'er his Right prevail,
And ev'n the *British* Valour seems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that Extreme,
Conscious of Virtue, Liberty, and Fame,
They vow the youthful Monarch's Fate to share,
Above Distress, unconquer'd by Despair,
Still to defend the Town, and animate the War.

But lo! when every better Hope was past,
When every Day of Danger seem'd their last,
Far on the distant Ocean, they survey,
Where a proud Navy plows its wat'ry Way.
Nor long they doubted, but With Joy descry,
Upon the Chief's tall Top-masts waving high,
The *British* Cross and *Belgick* Lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous Clamour, loud they rear
Their Cries of Ecstasy, and rend the Air,
In Peals on Peals the Shouts Triumphal rise,
Spread swift, and rattle thro' the spacious Skies;
While from below, old Ocean groines profound,
The Walls, the Rocks, the Shores repel the Sound.
Ring with the deaf'ning Shock, and thunder all around.
Such was the Joy the *Trojan* Youth express'd,
Who by the fierce *Rutilian's* Siege distress'd,
Were by the *Tyrrhene* Aid at length releas'd;
When young *Ascanius*, then in Arms first try'd,
Numbers and ev'ry other Want supply'd,
And haughty *Turnus* from his Walls defy'd;

18 A POEM on the glorious Successes

Sav'd in the Town an Empire yet to come,
And fix'd the Fate of his Imperial Rome.

But oh! what Verse, what Numbers shall reveal
Those Pangs of Rage and Grief the Vanquish'd feel!
Who shall Retreating *Philip's* Shame impart,
And tell the Anguish of his lab'ring Heart!
What Paint, what speaking Pencil shall express
The blended Passions striving in his Face!
Hate, Indignation, Courage, Pride, Remorse,
With Thoughts of Glory past, the Loser's greatest Curse.

Fatal Ambition! say what wondrous Charms
Delude Mankind to toil for thee in Arms:
When all thy Spoils, thy Wreaths in Battle won,
The Pride of Pow'r, and Glory of a Crown,
When all War gives, when all the Great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole Pleasure, pays not half thy Pain.

All hail! ye softer happier Arts of Peace,
Secur'd from Harms, and blest with learned Ease;
In Battles, Blood, and Perils hard, unskill'd,
Which haunt the Warrior in the fatal Field;
But chief, thee Goddess Muse! my Verse wou'd raise,
And to thy own soft Numbers tune thy Praise;
Happy the Youth inspir'd, beneath thy Shade,
Thy verdant, ever-living Laurels laid!
There safe, no Pleasures, there no Pains they know,
But those which from thy Sacred Raptures flow,
Nor wish for Crowns, but what thy Groves bestow.
Me, Nymph Divine! nor scorn my humble Pray'r,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder Care,
Doom'd to a gentler, tho' more lowly, Fate,
Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be Great;

Me, to thy peaceful Haunts, inglorious bring,
Where secret thy Celestial Sisters Sing,
Fast by their Sacred Hill, and sweet *Casalian* Spring.

But nobler Thoughts the Victor Prince employ,
And raise his Heart with high Triumphant Joy;
From hence a better Course of Time rolls on,
And whiter Days successive seem to run.

From hence his kinder Fortune seems to date
The Rising Glories of his future State,

From hence! — But oh! too soon the Hero mourns
His Hopes deceiv'd, and War's inconstant Turns,

In vain, his echoing Trumpets loud Alarms
Provoke the cold *Iberian* Lords to Arms;

Careless of Fame, as of their Monarch's Fate;
In sullen Sloth supinely Proud they fate;

Or to be Slaves or Free alike prepar'd,
And trusting Heav'n was bound to be their Guard,

Untouch'd with Shame, the noble Strife beheld,
Nor once essay'd to struggle to the Field;

But sought, in the cool Shade, and rural Seat,
An unmolested Ease and calm Retreat:

Saw each contending Prince's Arms advance,
Then with a lazy dull Indifference

Turn'd to their Rest, and left the World to Chance.
So when commanded by the Wife of *Jove*,

Thaumantian Iris left the Realms above,
And swift descending on her painted Bow,

Sought the dull God of Sleep in Shades belows,
Nodding and slow, his drowsy Head he rear'd;

And heavily the sacred Message heard;
Then with a Yawn at once forgot the Pain,

And sunk to his first Sloth and Indolence again.

But

20 A POEM on the glorious Successes

But oh, my Muse! th' ungrateful Toil forsake,
 Some Task more pleasing to thy Numbers take,
 Nor choose, in melancholy Strains, to tell
 Each harder Chance the juster Cause beset.
 Oh rather turn, auspicious turn thy Flight,
 Where MARLBOROUGH's Heroick Arms invite,
 Where highest Deeds the Poets Breast inspire
 With Rage divine, and fan the sacred Fire.
 See! where at once, *Ramillia's* noble Field
 Ten thousand Themes for living Verse shall yield.
 See! where at once, the dreadful Objects rise,
 At once they spread before my wond'ring Eyes,
 And shock my lab'ring Soul with vast Surprise;
 At once the wide-extended Battles move,
 At once they join, at once their Fate they prove.
 The Roar ascends promiscuous; Groans and Cries,
 The Drums, the Cannons' Burst, the Shout, supplies
 One Universal Anarchy of Noise.
 One Din confus'd, Sound mixt and lost in Sound,
 Echo's to all the frighted Cities round.
 Thick Dust and Smoke in wavy Clouds arise,
 Stain the bright Day and taint the purer Skies;
 While flashing Flames like Light'ning dart between;
 And fill the Horror of the fatal Scene.
 Around the Field, all dy'd in purple Fume,
 Hate, Fury, and insatiate Slaughter roam;
 Discord with Pleasure o'er the Ruin treads;
 And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd Weeds;
 While fierce *Bellona* thunders in her Car,
 Shakes terrible her steely Whip from far,
 And with new Rage revives the fainting War.

So when two Currents rapid in their Course
Rush to a Point, and meet with equal Force,
The angry Billows rear their Heads on high,
Dashing aloft, the foaming Surges fly,
And rising cloud the Air with misty Spry;
The raging Flood is heard from far to rore,
By list'ning Shepherds on the distant Shore,
While much they fear, what Ills it should portend,
And wonder why the watry Gods contend.

High in the midst, *Britannia's* warlike Chief,
Too greatly bold, and prodigal of Life,
Is seen to press where Death and Dangers call,
Where the War bleeds, and where the thickest fall,
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting *Gaul*,
Like Heat diffus'd his great Example warms,
And animates the Social Warrior's Arms,
Inflames each colder Heart, confirms the Bold,
Makes the Young Heroes, and renews the Old.
In Forms Divine around him watchful wait
The Guardian Genii of the *British* State,
Justice and Truth his Steps unerring guide,
And faithful Loyalty defends his Side,
Prudence and Fortitude their *MARLBRO* guard,
And pleasing Liberty his Labours chear'd;
But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
The Union Cross his Silver Shield did bear,
And in his decent Hand he shook a warlike Spear.
While Victory Celestial soars above,
Plum'd like the Eagle of Imperial *Jove*,
Hang's o'er the Chief, whom she delights to bless,
And ever arms his Sword with sure Success,

22 APOEM on the glorious Successes

Dooms him the proud Oppressor to destroy,
 Then waves her Palm, and claps her Wings for Joy.
 Such was young *Ammon* on *Arbela's* Plain,
 Or such the * *Painter* did the Hero feign, * *Le Brun*.
 Where, rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride,
 With graceful Ardor, and majestick Pride,
 With all the Gods of *Greece* and Fortune on his Side. }

Nor long *Bavaria's* haughty Prince, in vain
 Labours the Fight unequal to maintain :
 He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal Friend the *Gaul*
 Shall share the Shame, and in one Ruin fall ;
 Flies from the Foe too oft in Battle try'd,
 And Heav'n contending on the Victor's Side;
 Then mourns his rash Ambition's Crime too late,
 And yields reluctant to the Force of Fate.
 So when *Aeneas*, thro' Night's gloomy Shade,
 The dreadful Forms of Hostile Gods survey'd,
 Hopeless he left the burning Town, and fled :
 Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining *Troy*,
 Or save what Heav'n had destin'd to destroy, }

What vast Reward, O *Europe*, shalt thou pay,
 To him who sav'd thee on this glorious Day!
 Bless him, ye grateful Nations, where he goes,
 And heap the Victor's Laurel on his Brows.
 In ev'ry Land, in ev'ry City freed,
 Let the proud Column rear its Marble Head,
 To *MARLBOROUGH* and Liberty decreed; }

Rich with his Wars triumphal Arches raise,
 To teach your wond'ring Sons the Hero's Praise;
 To him your skillful Bards their Verse shall bring,
 For him the tuneful Voice be taught to sing,
 The breathing Pipe shall swell, shall sound the trembling
 String. }

Oh happy thou! where Peace for ever smiles,
Britannia! noblest of the Ocean's Isles,
 Fair Queen! who dost amidst thy Waters reign,
 And stretch thy Empire o'er the farthest Main;
 What Transports in thy Parent Bosom roll'd,
 When Fame at first the pleasing Story told!
 How didst thou lift thy Tow'ry Front on high!
 Not meanly Conscious of a Mother's Joy,
 Proud of thy Son as *Crete* was of her *Jove*,
 How wert thou pleas'd Heav'n did thy Choice approve,
 And fixt Success where thou hadst fixt thy Love!
 How with Regret his Absence didst thou mourn!
 How with Impatience wait his wisht Return!
 How were the Winds accus'd for his Delay?
 How didst thou chide the Gods who rule the Sea,
 And charge the *Nereid* Nymphs to waft him on his Way!

At length he comes, he ceases from his Toil,
 Like Kings of Old returning from the Spoil;
 To *Britain* and his Queen for ever dear,
 He comes, their Joy and grateful Thanks to share;
 Lowly he kneels before the Royal Seat,
 And lays his proudest Wreaths at *ANNA*'s Feet.
 While form'd alike for Labours or for Ease,
 In Camps to Thunder, or in Courts to please,
Britain's bright Nymphs make *MARLBOROUGH* their Care,
 In all his Dangers, all his Triumphs, share.
 Conqu'ring he lends the well-pleas'd Fair new Grace,
 And adds fresh Lustre to each beauteous Face;
Britain preserv'd by his victorious Arms,
 With wond'rous Pleasure each fair Bosom warms,
 Lightens in all their Eyes, and doubles all their Charms.

24 A POEM on the glorious Successes

Ev'n his own *Sunderland*, in Beauty's Store
 So Rich, she seem'd incapable of more,
 Now shines with Graces never known before;
 Fierce with transporting Joy she seems to burn;
 And each soft Feature takes a sprightly Turn;
 New Flames are seen to sparkle in her Eyes,
 And on her blooming Cheeks fresh Roses rise;
 The pleasing Passion heightens each bright Hue,
 And seems to touch the finish'd Piece anew,
 Improves what Nature's bounteous Hand had giv'n,
 And mends the fairest Workmanship of Heav'n.

Nor Joy like this in Courts is only found,
 But spreads to all the grateful People round;
 Laborious Hinds inur'd to Rural Toil,
 To tend the Flocks and turn the mellow Soil,
 In homely Guise their honest Hearts express,
 And bless the Warrior who protects the Peace,
 Who keeps the Foe aloof, and drives afar
 The dreadful Ravage of the wasting War:
 No rude Destroyer cuts the rip'ning Crop,
 Prevents the Harvest, and deludes their Hope;
 No helpless Wretches fly with wild Amaze,
 Look weeping back and see their Dwellings blaze;
 The Victor's Chain no mournful Captives know,
 Nor hear the Threats of the insulting Foe.
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful Fields abound,
 The chearful Voice of Mirth is heard to sound,
 And Plenty doles her various Bounties round,
 The humble Village, and the wealthy Town,
 Consenting join their Happiness to own,
 What Heav'n and ANNA's gentlest Reign afford,
 All is secur'd by MARLBRO's conqu'ring Sword,

O Sacred, ever Honour'd Name! O thou!
 That wert our Greatest *William* once below!
 What Place so'er thy Virtues now possess
 Near the bright Source of everlasting Bliss,
 Where-e'er exalted to Etherial Height,
 Radiant with Stars, thou tread'st the Fields of Light,
 Thy Seats Divine, thy Heav'n a-while forsake,
 And deign the *Britons'* Triumph to partake.
 Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight
 To hear the Fortune of the glorious Fight,
 How fail'd Oppression, and prevail'd the Right.
 What once below, such still thy Pleasures are,
Europe and Liberty are still thy Care,
 Thy Great, thy Gen'rous, Pure, Immortal Mind
 Is ever to the Publick Good inclin'd,
 Is still the Tyrant's Foe, and Patron of Mankind.
 Behold, where *MARLBOROUGH*, thy last best Gift,
 At Parting, to thy Native *Belgia* left,
 Succeeds to all thy kind Paternal Cares,
 Thy watchful Counsels, and laborious Wars;
 Like thee, extends his great assisting Hand,
 And in thy Stead protects the Orphan Land,
 Like thee, aspires by Virtue to Renown,
 Fights to secure an Empire not his own,
 Reaps only Toil himself, and gives away a Crown.
 At length thy Pray'er, O Pious Prince! is heard,
 Heav'n has, at length, in its own Cause appear'd,
 At length *Ramillia's* Field atones for all
 The faithless Breaches of the perjur'd *Gaul*;
 At length a better Age to Man decreed,
 With Truth, with Peace, and Justice shall succeed;
 Fall'n are the Proud, and the griev'd World is freed.

26 A POEM on the glorious Successes

One Triumph yet, my Muse, remains behind,
 Another Vengeance yet the *Gaul* shall find;
 On *Lombard* Plains, beyond his *Alpine* Hills,
Louis the Force of Hostile *Britain* feels;
 Swift to her Friends distress'd her Succours fly,
 And distant Wars her Wealthy Sons supply:
 From slow unactive Courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a Name to ev'ry *Brison* dear,
 By tedious languishing Delays is held
 Repining, and impatient, from the Field:
 While factious Statesmen riot in Excess,
 And lazy Priests whole Provinces possess,
 Of unregarded Wants the Brave complain,
 And the starv'd Soldier sues for Bread in vain;
 At once with generous Indignation warm,
Britain the Treasure sends, and bids the Heroe Arm,
 Staight eager to the Field, he speeds away,
 There vows the Victor *Gaul* shall dear repay
 The Spoils of *Calcinato's* fatal Day:
 Chear'd by the Prefence of the Chief they love,
 Once more their Fate the Warriors long to prove;
 Reviv'd each Soldier lifts his drooping Head,
 Forgets his Wounds, and calls him on to Lead;
 Again their Crests the *German* Eagles rear,
 Stretch their broad Wings, and Fan the *Latian* Air;
 Greedy for Battle and the Prey they call,
 And point great *Eugene's* Thunder on the *Gaul*.
 The Chief commands, and soon in dread Array
 Onwards the moving Legions urge their Way;
 With hardy Marches and successful Haste,
 O'er ev'ry Barrier Fortunate they pass'd,
 Which Nature or the skillful Foe had plac'd.

The Foe in vain with *Gallick* Arts attends,
 To mark which way the wary Leader bends;
 Vainly in War's mysterious Rules is Wise,
 Lurks where tall Woods and thickest Coverts rise,
 And meanly hopes a Conquest from Surprise.
 Now with swift Horse the Plain around 'em beats,
 And oft Advances, and as oft Retreats;
 Now fix'd to wait the coming Force, he seems,
 Secur'd by steepy Banks and rapid Streams;
 While River-Gods in vain Exhaust their Store,
 From plenteous Urns the gushing Torrents pour,
 Rise o'er their utmost Margins to the Plain,
 And strive to stay the Warrior's Haste in vain;
 Alike they pass the Plain and closer Wood,
 Explore the Ford and tempt the swelling Flood,
 Unshaken still pursue their stedfast Course,
 And where they want their Way, they find it or they force.

But anxious Thoughts *Savoy's* Great Prince infest,
 And roll ill-boding in his Careful Breast;
 Oft he revolves the Ruins of the Great,
 And sadly thinks on lost *Bavaria's* Fate,
 The hapless Mark of Fortune's cruel Sport,
 An Exile, meanly forc'd to beg Support
 From the slow Bounties of a Foreign Court.
 Forc'd from his lov'd *Turin*, his last Retreat,
 His Glory once and Empire's ancient Seat,
 He sees from far where wide Destructions spread,
 And fiery Show'rs the goodly Town invade,
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd State,
 And curse the unrelenting Tyrant's Hate.

But great *Eugene* prevents his ev'ry Fear,
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there;

28 *A POEM on the glorious Successes*

Not Danger, Toil, the tedious weary Way,
Nor all the *Gallick* Pow'rs his promis'd Aid delay:
Like Truth itself unknowing how to fail,
He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.
Thus ever certain does the Sun appear,
Bound by the Law of *Jove's* Eternal Year;
Thus constant to his Course sets out at Morn,
Round the wide World in twice Twelve Hours is born,
And to a Moment keeps his fix'd Return.

Straight to the Town the Heroes turn their Care,
Their Friendly Succour for the Brave prepare,
And on the Foe united bend the War.
O'er the steep Trench and Ramparts guarded Height,
At once they rush and drive the rapid Fight;
With idle Arms the *Gallick* Legions seem
To stem the Rage of the resistless Stream,
At once it bears 'em down, at once they yield,
Headlong are push'd and swept along the Field;
Resistance ceases, and 'tis War no more,
At once the Vanquish'd own the Victors Pow'r;
Throughout the Field, where-e'er they turn their Sight,
'Tis all or Conquest or Inglorious Flight;
Swift to their rescu'd Friends their Joys they bear,
With Life and Liberty at once they Chear,
And save 'em in the Moment of Despair.

So timely to the Aid of sinking *Rome*,
With active Haste did Great *Camillus* come:
So to the *Capitol* he forc'd his Way,
So from the proud *Barbarians* snatch'd the Prey,
And sav'd his Country in one Signal Day.

From impious Arms at length, O *Louis*, cease!
And leave at length the lab'ring World in Peace,

Best Heav'n disclose some yet more Fatal Scene,
Fatal beyond *Ramillia* or *Turin*;
Lest from thy Hand thou see thy Sceptre torn;
And humbled in the Dust thy Losses mourn;
Lest urg'd at length thy own repining Slave,
Tho' fond of Burdens, and in Bondage brave,
Pursue thy Hoary Head with Curses to the Grave.

3



And thus the Henry Ford with Carter to the Gate
The food of Burden and in bondage drive
And urged at length the own repining slave
And bunched in the Dock the latter moans;
And from the hand then see the Squire torn
Fatal beyond Remission or Truce;
And Henry's childlike form yet more Fatal scene





O D E

F O R T H E

N E W Y E A R

M D C C X V I .

I.

HA I L to thee, Glorious rising Year,
With what uncommon Grace thy Days appear!
Comely art thou in thy Prime,
Lovely Child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden Footsteps tread;
Pleasures all around thee spread;
Bliss and Beauty grace thy Trains;
Muse, strike the Lyre to some immortal Strain:
But oh! what Skill, what Master Hand,
Shall govern or constrain the wanton Band!
Loose like my Verse they Dance, and all without Command.

Images

32 ODE for the New-Year MDCCXVI.

Images of fairest things,
Croud about the speaking Strings;
Peace and sweet Prosperity,
Faith and chearful Loyalty,
With smiling Love and deathless Poesy.

II.

Ye skowling Shades who break away,
Well do ye fly and shun the Purple Day.
Ev'ry Fiend and Fiend-like Form,
Black and sullen as a Storm,
Jealous Fear, and false Surmise,
Danger with her dreadful Eyes,
Faction, Fury, all are fled,
And bold Rebellion hides her daring Head.
Behold, thou gracious Year, behold,
To whom thy Treasures all thou shalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter Days were kept from times of Old!
See thy GEORGE, for this is he!
On his Right Hand, waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty:
Every Good is in his Face,
Every open honest Grace.
Thou great *Plantagenet*! immortal be thy Race!

III.

See! the Sacred Scyon springs,
See the glad Promise of a Line of Kings!
Royal Youth! what Bard Divine,
Equal to a Praise like thine,
Shall in some exalted Measure
Sing thee, *Britain's* dearest Treasure?

Who

Who her Joy in thee shall tell,
 Who the sprightly Note shall swell
 His Voice attempt'ring to the tuneful Shell?
 Thee *Audenard's* recorded Field;
 Bold in thy brave Paternal Band, beheld,
 And saw with hopeless Heart thy fainting Rival yield;
 Troubled he, with sore Dismay,
 To thy stronger Fate gave way,
 Safe beneath thy noble Scorn,
 Wingy-footed was he Born,
 Swift as the fleeting Shades upon the golden Corn.

IV.

What Valour, what distinguish'd Worth,
 From thee shall lead the coming Ages forth?
 Crested Helms and shining Shields,
 Warriors fam'd in foreign Fields;
 Hoary Heads with Olive bound,
 Kings and Lawgivers renown'd;
 Crowding still they rise anew,
 Beyond the Reach of deep Prophetick View.
 Young AUGUSTUS! Never cease!
 Pledge of our present and our future Peace;
 Still pour the Blessings forth, and give thy great Increase.
 All the Stock that Fate ordains
 To supply succeeding Reigns,
 Whether Glory shall Inspire
 Gentler Arts of Martial Fire,
 Still the fair Descent shall be
 Dear to *Albion* all, like Thee;
 Patrons of righteous Rules, and Foes to Tyranny.

34 ODE for the New-Year MDCCLXVI.

V.

Ye golden Lights who shine on high,
 Ye potent Planets who ascend the Sky,
 On the op'ning Year dispense
 All your kindest Influence;
 Heav'nly Pow'rs be all prepar'd
 For our CAROLINA's Guard;
 Short and easy be the Pains,
 Which for a Nation's Weal the Heroine sustains.
 Britannia's Angel, be thou near;
 The growing Race is thy peculiar Care,
 Oh spread thy Sacred Wing above the Royal Fair.
 GEORGE by Thee was wafted o'er,
 To the long expecting Shore:
 None presuming to withstand,
 Thy Celestial armed Hand,
 While his Sacred Head to shade,
 The blended Cross on high Thy silver Shield display'd

VI.

But oh! what other Form Divine
 Propitious near the Hero seems to shine!
 Peace of Mind, and Joy serene,
 In her sacred Eyes are seen,
 Honour binds her Miter'd Brow,
 Faith and Truth beside her go,
 With Zeal and pure Devotion bending low.
 A thousand Storms around her threat,
 A thousand Billows roar beneath her Feet,
 While fix'd upon a Rock, she keeps her Stable Seat.

Still

Still in sign of sure Defence,
 Trust and mutual Confidence,
 On the Monarch, standing by,
 Still she bends her gracious Eye,
 Nor fears her Foes approach, while Heav'n and He are nigh;

VII.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious Care!
 Begone pale Envy, and thou cold Despair!
 Seek ye out a moody Cell,
 Where Deceit and Treason dwell;
 There repining, raging, still
 Th'idle Air with Curses fill;
 There blast the pathless Wild, and the bleak Northern Hill;
 There your Exile vainly moan;
 There where with Murmurs horrid as your own,
 Beneath the sweeping Winds, the bending Forests groan;
 But thou Hope, with smiling Chear,
 Do thou bring the ready Year;
 See the Hours! a chosen Band!
 See with jocund Looks they stand,
 All in their trim Array, and waiting for Command,

VIII.

The welcome Train begins to move,
 Hope leads Increase and chaste Connubial Love:
 Flora sweet her Bounty spreads,
 Smelling Gardens, painted Meads;
 Ceres crowns the yellow Plain;
 Pan, rewards the Shepherd's Pain;

All

36 ODE for the New-Year MDCCXVI.

All is Plenty, all is Wealth,
 And on the balmy Air fits Rosy-colour'd Health.
 I hear the Mirth, I hear the Land rejoice,
 Like many Waters swells the pealing Noise,
 While to their Monarch, thus, they raise the publick Voice,
 Father of thy Country, hail!
 Always, every where prevail;
 Pious, Valiant, Just, and Wise,
 Better Suns for thee arise,
 Purer Breezes fan the Skies,
 Earth in Fruits and Flowers is drest,
 Joy abounds in ev'ry Breast,
 For thee thy People all, for thee the Year is blest.

F I N I S.



VI.

e.
Voice.

left.

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There

There